The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Taking a Stand

THE invasion of South Korea dashed the hopes of all those who have felt that Soviet Russia had at last entered on a period of consolidation of her vast territorial gains of the past five years. There is to be no breathing spell. For whatever the reason the USSR is driven on implacably in her conquest of the world.

At stake in South Korea is far more than the disposition of the "dagger pointed at Japan." In fact that embattled peninsula has been considered (if not declared) outside the perimeter of our Pacific defenses. Nor has this technically backward and politically feeble ward of the United Nations figured as a strong military bastion.

But in transforming the cold war into a hot war the Russians have challenged the security of the threatened peoples of Southeast Asia and all other sectors of the globe. The strategic Near East is involved here. Also in Western Europe tangible progress toward unity and strength has been contending with a strong popular sentiment for neutrality, which would be terrifically enforced if the United States, our allies and the United Nations had contented themselves with ineffectual protests about Korea.

So that whatever may be known of the terrain on which the United States has decided to make a stand or the comparative strength of the forces at our disposal in the area, politically Mr. Truman's second historic decision was almost inevitable. To let Korea go would be to encourage sorties against the other weak spots adjacent to Soviet territory and spur on Soviet aggressiveness and enslavement.

If the fighting can be localized and the North Koreans turned back, it will give a tremendous boost to the morale of the whole non-Soviet world. It will mark the turning point of the whole cold war. If American and other aid to the South Koreans is insufficient or too belated, even then Mr. Truman's decision to intervene with ships and planes will tend to stiffen resistance elsewhere.

But even supposing that all goes for the best: that support of the South Koreans by the United States and other nations succeeds in throwing back the invaders and that Formosa, the Philippines and Indo-China are subsequently strengthened to the point of discouraging attack, even then our vigil will not be ended. For Soviet Russia has now so plainly revealed her hand as to convince even the most stubborn or lethargic doubter.

The failure of a major skirmish and the shifting of comparative military strength would not alter the objectives of the Kremlin men.

Until the Russian threat to human freedom has subsided, those outside the Soviet orbit cannot flag for an instant. Unhappily effective resistance seems to require the most painful sort of regimentation throughout the United States. There seems to be no other way for us to marshal forces equal to this task.

BUT more than that, what we need is the spirit of resistance. We must no longer acquiesce in the fate of the millions in the satellite countries, of those at forced labor in uranium mines and Siberian forests, of men who because of their heroic manifestation of their personal beliefs suffer the terror of the concentration camp. All such victims we must determine to set free. Somehow or other we must emulate those Christians of earlier centuries who substituted themselves for the galley slaves chained to labor for the Turk.

If we can get away from our present servitude to material comfort and develop such a spirit, the task of proving to the world our devotion to human freedom would become comparatively easy. Our unalterable opposition to injustice would take active form. Our unwillingness to luxuriate in plenty while two-thirds of our fellowmen struggle for the barest livelihood would result in actions that would endear the people of

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• NEXT WEEK •

The school problem in France has now reached a critical stage. Children in the Catholic schools represent about a quarter of those in public schools, and many of them come from poorer homes.

ROBERT BARRAT explains the argument about "godless" and "clerically-dominated" schools and suggests an eventual solution. In principle there would be only one school in each locality. "From the point of view of religious education the major effort of the faithful would be to obtain sufficient freedom in the new school—that is to say a sufficient number of hours—so that their children could participate in the life of their Church. . . ."

the United States to men and women the world over.

Such are the abiding implications of the Soviet world challenge. For although the USSR can no longer count on internal uprisings and now has resorted to naked aggression from without, the Kremlin can still count on the disaffection and confusion of the multitudes who feel that they have little to defend.

That is what the determination of the Russians —as revealed by the attack on South Korea— should bring home to the people of the United States.

In Bed They Cry

THIS was only a little item and it appeared in the business section of the New York *Times,* but it may be a better key to the present state of things than the material that was headlined that day.

Here is the way it went. A man named B. Earl Puckett, president of the Allied Stores Corporation, a department store chain, addressed 500 members and guests of The Fashion Group, Inc., at a luncheon in the Astor Hotel. Mr. Puckett took the opportunity to give the fashion merchandisers a verbal hot-foot. "We in the soft line business have the responsibility to accelerate obsolescence," he told them. "It is our job to make women unhappy with what they have in the way of apparel. . . . We must make these women so unhappy that their husbands can find no happiness or peace in their excessive savings. We have not made our proper contribution to the total economy until we have achieved this result. We have been failing in the first half of 1950."

Yes, the man actually said it that way and it appeared in the *Times,* the newspaper that is microfilmed for posterity. Of course there was nothing very original in the idea. But seeing it in black and white like that was an unnerving experience, a little like the first reading of *Mein Kampf* when you realize that things you knew were secretly believed and cynically planned have been given the dignity of open expression.

In Manhattan the *Times* is the best paper, in the sense that it is the one future historians will turn to. But it is not the most widely read. On the subway trains, buses and the commuters' specials going out to Westchester or Long Island most people seem to get their day-by-day history from the Hearst *Journal-American,* the tabloid

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News and *Mirror* and a couple of others more or less like them. Papers of this kind are what is meant when it is said that nothing is as dead as yesterday's newspaper. They aren't written for posterity, or for historians, but for the daily crowds going back and forth to work.

The New York tabloids feature human interest stories, murders, scandals and enough personal stuff to keep the hungriest gossip satisfied. During the week Mr. Puckett's little fervorino was reported in the *Times,* they were playing up the "attempted suicide" of a glamorous young movie actress, the murder of a little girl who was strangled by her mother because the mother felt that the world was too rotten for innocent children, and the premature "romance" of another Hollywood glamor girl, now in Europe, with a married crooner. (For the record: Ava did ask plaintively how she could *say* she was in love with Frank when he wasn't even divorced yet.) In the Broadway and Hollywood columns there were other unhappy women and disgruntled husbands mentioned that week and dozens more in the news columns. Cheer up, Mr. Pluckett, things aren't as bright as they might be.

The future historian who runs across Pluckett's speech in the *Times* may be surprised that a respectable group of citizens in the not wildly merry mid-century year met in the Hotel Astor and solemnly planned to make more women unhappy and sow the seeds for more family dissensions. It is too bad that the tabloids are not preserved for posterity, too. With them, the historian would have evidence that Mr. Pluckett's macabre aspirations were already far beyond the planning stage when he spoke. He was only doing his bit to keep the ball rolling, like any conscientious executive who believes that business is business.

A Pattern

THE extraordinary enthusiasm which was awakened by the French proposal for a European steel and coal pool has carried on into the first week of negotiations. The enthusiasm comes from the European's passionate desire to get rid of the always threatening and periodically erupting French-German antagonism, but perhaps at the heart of the enthusiasm is a response to what was implied in the plan, but only now, in the first days of negotiation, really spoken: political federation. The French want a powerful Authority, a court to arbitrate objections and disagreements, and a commission made up from the national parliaments to which the Authority would be completely responsible.

Economic programs and parleys worry around the edge of the problem, take down one barrier and open one road and it only leads to another blocked road; the thoroughfares are rarely reached. M. Monnet, the man who planned the French proposal, and his foreign office colleagues, have the courage to see that it is a pattern, not a maze, and they have planned for the whole pattern. They have made it very clear in Paris that real federation is what they want. Without that fundamental agreement the talks will be ineffectual and the pool will never materialize.

It is simply that in the modern economic and social complexus, the ploughman cannot walk his lonely way. If M. Monnet's international Authority sets the wages, equalizes the prices, directs the exports and controls the standards of all the coal and steel production of Germany and France (and Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg), then M. Monnet's Authority is going to have its collective finger in everybody's pie, whether there be a capitalist, socialist, or cooperative kitchen.

The Authority's steel prices will profoundly affect the internal industry of each participant nation, will affect the manufacture of every steel product. The wages and living standards of the steelworkers and miners will influence the general industrial standards. Most radical consequent of all will be that the nation whose basic industry is not only part of a European Authority by treaty, but in fact integrated into the international scheme, will be unable to conduct its foreign policy in splendid solitude, or in the exclusive terms of its own welfare. It must cooperate. The implication of all this is inexorable and single: complete federation.

That is the reason Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg asked for a week off to think it over. That is why Britain is sitting on its hands while it watches. That is the reason a delegate could call this pool "the first great European idea since the French Revolution."

Setback

IN A FOUR-MAN race in North Carolina, Frank Graham, a former president of the University of North Carolina, originally won the Democratic nomination for senator by 53,000 votes over his nearest competitor, Willis Smith,

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a Raleigh corporation lawyer. However the total number of votes cast for Graham did not constitute a majority of the total votes cast in the state, so Smith exercised his right to have a second, run-off election and this time, to the surprise of nearly everyone, he defeated Graham by 20,000 votes.

When the election results were analyzed to discover how this turnabout happened, it was found that although in the run-off Graham held his original margin of victory in the western, rural counties of the state, he dropped his lead in the industrial, eastern counties, sometimes called the "Black belt," where the Negro labor population is concentrated. Graham, of course, undoubtedly got the Negro vote. But the conclusion drawn from the election analysis is that he was defeated by the eastern, anti-Negro, anti-Fair Deal North Carolinians who fear Graham because he supports non-compulsory Fair Employments Practices legislation.

Observers reported that the voters' fears were more aggravated in the run-off because Smith worked over the racial issue more diligently than in his first campaign, the presumed theory behind this strategy being that the recent Supreme Court decisions against segregation, which came between the first and second voting in North Carolina, gave Smith the opportunity he needed to arouse the Southerners' suspicions of Northern, Fair Deal meddling in their affairs.

Graham's defeat in this manner is a disappointing setback for race relations in North Carolina, a state that has worked patiently to earn its reputation as the most progressive in the South. But in a way, it is only right that the Smiths should find their places in the Senate. Their presence is a reminder that the nation, by and large, can only expect to get the senators and representatives it deserves. Racial bitterness is not an exclusive, North Carolina bitterness. As long as there is any of it in the national consciousness, there will be spokesmen for it in Congress.

It is true, too, that wherever there is a Negro, one has an opportunity to diminish the sum total of this bitterness in our national life. And to diminish that sum total, in whatever amounts, is the surest way to send the Willis Smiths home.

Millions for "Education"

THE AMERICAN Medical Association has announced from its meeting in San Francisco a three million-dollar advertising and public relations campaign to educate the American public on the evils of socialized medicine. It is to be financed by a membership assessment of $25 a head.

In an effort to spreadeagle the country next October the AMA will use big ads in 11,000 newspapers, full pages in 30 national magazines and spot announcements over 300 radio stations. "The principles which the AMA copy will seek to strengthen and bulwark is the basic American ideal of individual freedom, individual initiative and freedom of opportunity—under a free economy, as opposed to the alien philosophy of a government-regimented economy."

This is a familiar refrain. It recalls the Liberty League, the reaction of the National Association of Manufacturers to the New Deal, the present fulminations of the Committee for Constitutional Government. The well-worn phraseology itself raises doubts.

However, the AMA has changed its tune considerably in one strategic sector; it has shifted from an adamant opposition to cooperative health plans to their warm advocacy— to stave off enactment of the Administration's national medical insurance plan. "The commodity which the AMA copy will advertise[next October] is an already widely accepted and thoroughly recognized American product—voluntary health insurance."

The prospect of such a splash to spread the idea of cooperative medicine is not without its welcome aspects. It should spur on the movement a little. But the American public does not need to be sold on this idea. Hospital plans of the Blue Cross type continue to expand at such an accelerated pitch that they will soon reach a majority of the population. Hospital-surgical plans are next in numbers and growth. Finally cooperative plans for meeting ordinary doctors' bills—the drain or impossibility for many low-income families—are gradually shaping up.

The thing about the AMA announcement that is so disquieting is that the three millions are to be spent for strictly "educational" purposes. The money is to be allocated for selling the general idea rather than for setting up new cooperative facilities. The public will hardly be satisfied simply to know that there is another, and better, way than socialized medicine. American families are still on the lookout for available means of meeting ordinary, and occasionally extraordinary, medical expenses.

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The Constant Shadow

The fear of another war in Europe remains "unspeakable," but cannot be avoided.

By ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

AT THE sidewalk cafe on the corner of the Rue des Saints-Pères and the Boulevard St. Germain, I met an American, a former student of mine. "Y'know," he said, "y'know, sometimes I think all that war talk at home is just nonsense. There is a minor scare in Britain. Very minor. Here, aside from the Communist 'peace' campaigns, there's hardly any talk of war. And look at this country—look at Paris in the spring! Well, don't you agree? War is entirely unthinkable . . . unthinkable is the word."

I could not agree. War viewed from such proximity, viewed from the western end of Eurasia's triangular peninsula is "unspeakable" rather than unthinkable. *On ne parle pas de la corde dans la maison du pendu.*

The vast majority of people in the bottom of their hearts are paralyzed by the prospect of the "shape of things to come." Few preparations are made for the "eventuality"—even by those who are convinced that it is inevitable. Young men who swear they will join the maquis of tomorrow neither buy guns nor store food. Remarkably few of the rich transfer their capital overseas. The little peninsula of Eurasia waits almost motionless for the flood from the East . . .

★

IN PARIS, in Amsterdam, in Brussels, in Zurich, in Vienna and in Rome a person like me —a European with more than ten years of American residence—is beleaguered by those who want to talk about the "unspeakable" subject.

"I'm going to play along with the Commies," says a Frenchman in his late thirties with an Austrian wife and two children. "I will try to avoid applying for membership in the Party, but after all I have my responsibilities. If the Commies win I'll survive somehow. If they are defeated I can count on the mercy of the West. After all, it's the Anglo-Saxons who let the Russians advance to the heart of Europe. Now they think they can buy themselves off by handing us their surplus war material. Unless they really show that they mean business I'm not going to risk my skin."

I insist later in a discussion with a Belgian that the Americans really do mean business.

"They do, do they? If it comes to a clash their 90,000 men in Germany, including army wives and children, will have the privilege of becoming Russian prisoners—and hostages. I wonder how good American nerves are. How will the Yanks react when they are told that if they do not cease to bomb this or that position one hundred army wives will be roasted over open fires on a spit. No sir, our future is grim and we'll all meet again in the taiga helping to increase the lumber output of the USSR. . . ."

"You don't know the Americans," I tell an Italian. "I do. I can assure you that once really provoked they would fight and fight until the last breath. In the long run they would liberate Europe."

"*Liberazione,* eh?" The Italian is bitterly amused. I had been guilty of a *faux pas.* Today "liberation" is a totally discredited word; it stands for rape, loot and destruction.

"Have you read the declarations of Mr. Johnson?" the Italian asks me. "His delightful little list of new weapons? You think these will be used with such discretion? Atomic bombs, bacterial warfare—and only Russian soldiers will fall victims to them? Oh, you're right, the Americans won't give up. They're tenacious. I know them. Before they give up they'll transform the world into a desert."

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I TOLD a German that the West, from Calabria to Holland, wants Germany rearmed but that the French government and a lot of Americans are not so sure about the wisdom of letting them march again.

"We're through with that, we're fed up with war. If the Yanks want to wage war, they can do it, *aber ohne mich!* I'm tired listening to these Americans. In 1945 they told us the Russians were liberty-loving democrats—look at their papers today! Now they print things they used to consider Nazi war propaganda. And a few years ago they were about ready to clamp down on tin soldiers in the name of anti-militarism. Even today a stamp-dealer would be fined were he brazen enough to sell a war-time stamp with the portrayal of a steel-helmet or a machine-gun.

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN *recently returned to his home in Austria after a lecture tour in the U. S. He is the author of "Gates of Hell" and "Moscow* 1979."

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No sir, they can wage wars but without me. I was a soldier in World War II. All I am ready to do in the coming clash is throw flowers to the Americans marching in defense of the US zone or to join the village band playing 'The Yanks Are Coming'."

But another German was more thoughtful. "None of us wants uniforms and rifles, but Adenauer is quite capable of introducing conscription. We are a nation for whom the concepts of duty and obedience mean a lot. Once conscripted and sent to the front we would fight again . . . without enthusiasm, to be sure, but we would fight. Last time we weren't too enthusiastic about it either, still we came within a hair's breadth of conquering the Old World. But the trouble is, the Russians would fight too, equally without conviction, but effectively, and bravely . . ."

"During the first months of the German-Russian war the Russians surrendered in droves," I reminded him, and I repeated it later to a Soviet refugee who put down the *Posyev,* a solidarist paper printed in Germany's British Zone.

"Days gone by," the refugee replied dryly. "The German atrocities count against the West, and the West, for the simple Russian, is everything between San Francisco and the Nyemen River. The Americans moreover surrendered to the Reds hundreds of thousands of Russians who fought against the Communists and so the people of Russia don't really trust the US. Will the Americans be liberators? Will they be enslavers like the Germans? Or are they some sort of Bolshie-lovers, just temporarily fallen out with the Kremlin? We hear all sorts of weird talk about them. We've seen what they did to the German cities, and we don't know what their next elections will bring—what sort of men with what sort of ideas. And how strong are they? They have atomic bombs . . . so have the Reds. If both sides use them they cancel out each other. If neither uses them—and that's quite possible—we have to discount them too. I fought in the Soviet Army and all I can tell is that with millions of ragged foot-soldiers and tough little horses we defeated one of the best mechanized armies in the world . . ."

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THIS is the way they talk. Yet at the end practically all insist that there is no other realistic choice for Western Europe than full cooperation with America. I quoted the dissenting passages of their opinions, since they are of greater interest to American readers, and suppressed for lack of space the more positive part.

Thus a Swiss, for instance, insisted: ". . . The Americans have to put the Germans in uniform, have to arm to the teeth and go barefoot for the next ten years. After all what is their alternative? The Old World with over two billion people under Moscow's command outnumbers the New World about ten to one. They have to build an Iron Wall in front of the Iron Curtain and harness all the forces of Europe. Then the West will cease to be a vacuum. The USSR is not going to attack when it fears the consequences. And, as you realize, there are tumors which collapse if they cannot grow. An American preventive war is nonsense, and it would be immoral. But an Iron Wall is a sensible thing. I realize the cost. One has to compete with the Pharaonic system of the Soviets. Yet it's got to be done. . ."

A German was even more emphatic about American intervention. "Let them intervene where intervention makes sense. After all they're paying for ECA. Let them put strings on their cash. I wonder what echo Adenauer's appeal that the Americans *force* Western Europe into a union received in the American press. Let's face facts. We can't stand alone on our own feet. American Imperialism? What's wrong with it, if it's wise, generous, liberal? Rome annexed Greece, but Greek arts and letters conquered Rome. That's history. . . ."

An Austrian favored another parallel. "I hope America assumes the role of Macedon. Persia could be defeated only after Greece was united by Macedon. We've got to expect our Philips and Alexanders from the other side of the Atlantic. Our Demostheneses work, whether they know it or not, for the Grand Monarch of Persia. . . ."

But they're not successful," I told a Bavarian. "And Communism has made no real inroads into Germany."

"No, at least not yet." But thoughtfully he added, "We Christian Conservatives of Germany have the impression that we are in a house whose gate is closed, but a man, *der Russe,* drunk, furious and out of his mind is trying to get in. He has a ring of about 50 keys, one of which is the key to the understanding of the German mentality. He tries out one after the other, and in his stupor he repeats his mistake. He gets angrier and angrier, kicks the gate with his feet, shouts blasphemies, curses and threats—but woe to us if by accident he finds the right key. Then we're lost and Europe with us!"

It is later than most of us realize. Holy Year visitors may find Europe a gay continent, full of laughter. Paris or Rome may leave them with a delightful impression. Tyrolean villages, Dutch tulip fields, Swiss mountain hotels, the carefreeness of the Riviera or of Bavarian lake resorts may tend to create an illusion. They may see in Europe a big wonderful garden. A garden it is, but its secret, hidden name is Gethsemani.

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A Rural Life Program

One Iowa diocese finds a way to keep them down on the farm.

By DONALD McDONALD

THE Davenport, Iowa diocese, like most predominantly rural dioceses, is more than uneasy about the current drift from the land to the cities—the sterile cities where man is no longer willing to reproduce himself.

In addition to the evidence supplied by the prodigious Monsignor Luigi Ligutti and the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, the Church here is personally and painfully aware of the rural leakage to the cities. In one rural community 33 houses stand empty. A rural Catholic parish which formerly numbered 150 families now has 105 families. Thirty-eight farms, once cultivated under the productive ownership of 31 families in the Sigourney area, are now owned and operated by one man with the help of paid employees and super-mechanized farm equipment. Fifteen Protestant churches in the diocesan area being described have been closed—no sustaining membership.

The average age of the Iowa farmer continues to rise as his children move to the urban areas. From 1939 to 1945 the rural population in this State dropped from 913,000 to 842,000, a loss of 71,000. This was not a wartime phenomenon. In the ten years preceding the war, the rural population dropped 77,000.

Facts like these can be rattled off almost *ad infinitum*. What do they mean?

Translated into religio-socio-economic terms, the rural drift to the cities means: (1) An increase of the already high (80% by 1940 census figures) percentage of Catholic urban population. And the Catholic urban birth-rate, by the way, is little more than the non-Catholic urban birthrate. (2) An accelerated shift from productive property ownership of the land to the fate of the propertyless city dweller — the fate of tenancy and the restlessness which accompanies rootless living, not to mention the fate of lives haunted by the specter of unemployment, a special fear reserved for those who, in any way, are members of the profits-first system. (3) These two phenomena complicate the Church's already overcomplicated mission to fulfil herself in time, to preach Christ to all nations. To make one obvious, and perhaps even trite, observation in passing: religion demands a climate of silence, a zone of solitude surrounding the soul that the soul may hear God. But where is the silent city? I do not say the soul *cannot* be still in the city. But it is difficult to be still in the city.

A last point of the problem, the point which has to do with sheer numbers of human beings, a point which has to do with God Who instructed men to "increase and multiply:" It requires 3.6 children for each family to reproduce the race. Since urban families refuse to have more than one or two children (half of the apartments built in Chicago in 1949 are "efficiency units," that is, they have no bedrooms), apparently the farm families are expected to make up the difference. But the farm families, however admirable their birth-rate, are diminishing in number.

The Church, weak in the rural areas, and with the majority of her own people contributing to the racial debilitation in the cities, might have contented herself with shrill philippics against birth control and secularism. Instead, in Davenport, she wisely remembered her tradition. She decided to strengthen herself on the land in a realistic way—by strengthening families on the land.

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IN FEBRUARY, 1946, St. Ambrose College, a diocesan institution, offered its first Agricultural Institute under the direction of Dr. Paul Sacco, who had received his doctorate in plant physiology and biological chemistry at Penn State College. Fifty students, farmers, educators and priests attended the Institute.

In May of the same year, Bishop Ralph L. Hayes hired Dr. Sacco permanently as diocesan director of agriculture. This was the first step to counter the drift from the land, a step in the intellectual-scientific area.

"If a farmer is not making a living on the land," says Dr. Sacco, "we can preach to him forever about the advantages of staying on the land—but we will not keep him there."

It is part of Dr. Sacco's job to help families make a living on the land.

This year, he conducted 16 Agricultural Insti-

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tutes in as many rural parishes; the Institutes have been mobilized since the first one in 1946. The "course" this year has been Soil Conservation, a scientific project but, in the hands of these people, with moral motivation. "God created the earth and saw that it was good. The farmer is the steward. He is responsible to God for the care of his soil, for leaving his land in as good or better a productive condition as it was when he received it."

Dr. Sacco has had to overcome the natural prejudices which dirt farmers everywhere nourish towards book farmers. His best salesmen are the farmers who have put aside their prejudices and have gone scientific by checking soil erosion, stepping up soil fertility, thereby living an example of good, smart stewardship.

Contouring and terracing rain-furrowed slopes, reforestation, rotation planting, construction of farm ponds for both pasture improvement and recreation (most are stocked with fish), and the intelligent use of manufactured fertilizer, such as rock phosphate—all of these practices in the integral farm plan are beginning to prove themselves.

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LESS immediate but as vital in its ultimate effect is the second phase of what we may term the intellectual-scientific aspect of the Davenport program—the infusion of rural philosophy or *esprit* into the rural high schools.

This involves a re-education, or re-orientation of the thinking of the teaching Sisters, not a few of whom have been subtly, albeit unwittingly, conditioning rural youth both psychologically and vocationally for city existence. Johnny is good at figures and Sister concludes Johnny was meant to be a Certified Public Accountant in the city.

The day of these gratuitous assumptions, always *with* the drift to the cities, is over, at least in the Davenport diocese. And this by no means drops an iron curtain between the rural youth and the charms of the city. There is always the secular press, radio and motion picture which, no one doubts, will continue in manifold ways to make brass seem as gold, vertical rabbit warrens humanly preferable to the "air, light and space" on the land.

Under the direction of Dr. Sacco, Father Maurice J. Dingman, diocesan superintendent of schools, and the science faculty of St. Ambrose College, summer sessions have been established at the college for the teaching Sisters of the high schools.

In addition to gaining an understanding and appreciation of rural philosophy and culture (which, like all good things, is highly contagious and will be passed on from teacher to student in the high school) the Sisters grapple with the concrete applications of principles to teaching practice.

Biology here becomes in practice rural biology; chemistry becomes, to a great extent, soil chemistry; and a course in bookkeeping now includes a unit of farm accounting. Instead of biology students puzzling in a detached, inattentive way over the organic structure of a starfish, their delighted and probing preoccupation is the study of internal parasites, for example, and how they feed off the organs of the host pig or cow.

It would be nice to be able to report that this rural *esprit* is throbbing in all of the diocesan rural high schools. It is not. But progress is being made. In 1947, one high school, St. Mary's at West Point, struck out boldly to capture that land pulsation. Led by its vigorous principal, Sister M. Rosilda, F.S.P.A., and by the pastor, Father J. A. Wagner, St. Mary's reaction to the lure of the city may have carried too far.

In one of the significant papers delivered at the last convention of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference at Columbus, Sister Rosilda revealed, among other things, that literature courses at St. Mary's would show forth "the beauty and nobility of farm life, depicted by the classic authors in their pastoral literature" for these "are valuable aids in bringing about a true evaluation of rural living." It would be unfortunate if literature, for example, would become, in the rural schools, merely a propaganda tool wielded for even noble motives. However, I rather think the quotation is indicative rather than conclusive.

Probably one of the most amazing developments of the St. Mary's program is the one-acre plot of land adjoining the school. The land serves as a wonderful laboratory for both the biology and chemistry students. Theory in the classroom is verified with local plants, soils and animals . . . no starfish. Needless to note, biology and chemistry have come alive for the high school students.

Five other high schools in the diocese have followed the way pioneered by St. Mary's.

In addition to the annual summer schools, St. Ambrose College sponsors occasional one-day Science Institutes throughout the school year for the high school science instructors. At these Institutes new methods of rural infiltration into the school curricula are discussed and evaluated and, some of them, adopted.

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IN ADDITION to the intellectual-scientific phase of the Davenport program there is the moral or religious phase. Diocesan priests, specializing in conducting rural retreats, demonstrate the intimate relationship between the spiritual life and the rural life.

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Retreat masters draw heavily on Scriptural references to life on the land, the vocation of the farmer and the association between Church liturgy and the natural rhythm of the seasons. The analogical method of explaining spiritual truths through material illustration is, in this setting, remarkably functional.

Retreats or not, sweat still gets in the Iowa farmer's eyes on these steaming summer days which make the corn grow tall. But to the extent that a rural retreat helped him grow in spiritual substance, the sweat will not blind the farmer to the dignity of his calling, nor to the worth of his social function, nor to the responsibility of his stewardship.

Resettlement of Displaced Persons in rural communities and on farms has been an important, though *pro tem,* service of the diocesan agricultural office. More than 200 families have been resettled to date—another duty of Dr. Sacco, who finds suitable sponsors for DP families, sifting the Christian sponsors from the exploiters. The Europeans bring with them a capacity for honest work and intelligent work as well as many old-country skills (stone cutting, cabinet making and mechanical abilities, for instance)—skills which the rural communities cannot afford to hire from the high-priced labor force in nearby cities. The DP contribution has been a stimulant to rural life in the diocese.

Dr. Sacco also offers a farm-finding service for rural people who have moved into the city and are now fed up with the city, as well as for urban-born families who may have to depend upon city employment for basic livelihood, but who want five or ten acres of land to satisfy some of their natural human desires, and family needs. This special service is invaluable. It prevents the "back to the land tragedies" of families getting the "wrong" farm, one which they can neither enjoy nor cultivate.

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IT IS STILL too early to tell (1) whether the diocesan rural life program can be sustained on its present intensive note; (2) whether the program can generate sufficient pressure to offset the urban pull on rural youth. Undoubtedly the 1950 census figures will show a continuation of rural leakage to the cities. It is the 1960 census which will be eagerly awaited here.

Right now Dr. Sacco is encouraged for four reasons: (1) The enthusiasm of the high schools to become, in fact, rural high schools; (2) Evidence of soil conservation farm plans, which will mean higher productivity and economic stability wherever they are established; (3) The restoration of the parental custom of setting up the boys on the land; and (4) The Protestant churchmen are beginning to imitate the West Point program on a quasi-church level.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA

Dictatorships and Democracy

THE Congress for the Defense of Democracy which I attended in Havana, in May, is of great potential importance. The United States, Mexico, Costa Rica, Puerto Rico, Cuba, Honduras, Venezuela, Peru, Uruguay, Argentina, Panama and Chile sent delegations. It was the first unrestricted gathering at which delegates from all the Americas came together to discuss common problems in an atmosphere of real frankness and understanding.

Primarily this was because the delegations had no commissions from their respective governments; they had no official capacity.

As meetings which are official in character often merely skim the surface, it was important to bring together such dynamic organizations as labor unions, political parties and cultural groups. For contacts between diplomats and the various chancelleries are insufficient to build up genuine and wholehearted cooperation.

Peoples in South America who seek guarantees of political liberties and respect for law find parallel sentiments among intellectual and university groups, within the two major parties and in labor organizations in the United States. The Havana meeting demonstrated how like-minded men from both continents could work together and underlined the advantages of a direct exchange of experiences and opinions.

It will be important now to expand these operations, to secure representatives of all the authentically democratic forces of every country—also to heighten the understanding of those political, ideological and economic problems which tend to upset any real cooperation between the two Americas.

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ONE fact is primary: the United States is today the champion of democracy, not only in the West but in all the regions of the world that have not fallen under the control of the Soviet Union. In defense of this mission it is essential that the United States enjoy union and friendship with the other American nations. Yet it would be a contradiction in terms if this champion of democracy were supported by an uninterrupted series of dictatorships throughout South America.

It may be the practical thing to do, but it is no moral solution to have understandings with present regimes when ultimately such political understandings afford these dictatorships prestige before the world. For this struggle against tyranny is not only economic and military in character but it is above all a struggle which takes place in each man's conscience.

The Havana meeting recognized the explicit necessity

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of reaching an agreement as to what democracy is. It also sought practical means whereby the political parties, labor unions and cultural groups represented there could defend the democratic system, which was under constant threat by dictators in South America, except in Chile and Uruguay. That threat is manifested in military dictatorships of the neo-fascist type as found chiefly in Argentina, Peru and Venezuela.

In order to carry on this task, a permanent committee was appointed to function at Montevideo and it was agreed to call Congresses at regular intervals. Complete agreement was also reached in respect to a declaration that is called the Havana Charter—a decisive step along the road of common understanding and cooperation.

It is difficult to realize how much this understanding on the part of the North American people has importance in maintaining the democratic system in South America. The economic assistance and the encouragement of a political character that dictatorial regimes now receive deeply wound the feelings of the Latin American common man.

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THE military dictatorships which have arisen in various nations currently have very definite characteristics: they destroy political parties and labor unions, replacing the latter by fictitious organizations established by the government (there is a strong resemblance to the fascist methods of Italian corporatism); they attack or abolish the autonomy of the universities; they suppress freedom of speech, making it impossible for any independent newspaper or magazine to survive; they increase military expenditures to a fantastic degree, putting a heavy burden on weak national economies and trying to make up for this policy by an exaggerated campaign of political and social demagoguery.

Many deceive themselves by claiming that these regimes are fighting Communism. By destroying the democratic parties and the labor organizations, such governments open the road to Communist parties—since they are the ones who know how to work underground and always wax stronger under these conditions.

In other cases, since their object is to maintain themselves in power, these dictatorships tolerate communism as something in which they perceive no immediate personal danger, and the Party takes advantage of the situation to a dangerous degree. Again, these governments exploit the threat of communism to cover certain repressions. Thus we have seen the recent outbreak in Peru charged to the Communists and the accusation of such men as Xavier Correa Elias, ex-minister of foreign relations and member of the Council of the Catholic University of Lima.

It is obvious that a democracy cannot get any real support from those who are destroying it in South America. Therefore to define a morally and intellectually honest position, to adjudge this reality, can be a decisive factor for the future of Latin America. That is what progressive and democratically-minded men expect of North American public opinion. EDUARDO FREI.

Communications

Protestant Disabilities in Spain

Fribourg, Switzerland.

TO the Editors: I have read with the greatest interest the comments of Mr. Francis McMahon on my recent brochure entitled, *The Religious Question in Spain*. I have been somewhat astonished that a philosopher of his caliber should employ so obviously *ad hominem* arguments rather than an objective, unemotional examination of the problem posed. My statement on the Protestant problem in Spain is apparently wrong, not because what I say is untrue, but because I am alleged to be a "foremost apologist for the regimes of Franco and Perón."

It is plain that my case must be bad because according to Mr. McMahon, I enjoy "the esteem and favor among the minority in power in Spain." Moreover, for reasons that I find quite inexplicable, President Perón is constantly brought into the discussion, with such excellent phrases as "Pattee's other 'Christian' dictator, Perón."

The implication of this type of argument is obvious. One is branded with the label fascist, or dubbed a "foremost apologist" for a given type of government, *ergo,* anything one adduces in support of a position is false and unworthy of consideration. As far as I am aware President Perón has nothing to do with Protestantism in Spain, and what is still more important, I have never undertaken anywhere to demonstrate that Perón's regime in Argentina is the response to the Christian ideal of the proper type of society. If Mr. McMahon cares to examine the things I have written on Argentina, he will discover that practically everything dealt with the diplomatic and international problem between Argentina and the United States that arose several years ago. My contention in most of my articles and public speeches during 1946 and '47 was that it was a very stupid thing to needle Argentina and intervene in her affairs since this was contributing precisely to the objective we claimed we wanted to avoid, namely the enthronement of the Perón dictatorship. I disagreed strongly with the policy pursued by Spruille Braden during those times of tension and as far as I can see this position has long since been vindicated by events and the complete reversal of the American position *vis à vis* Argentina.

This is very far from "rushing to the bulwarks" as Mr. McMahon expresses it. I might claim, if this kind of argument were valid, that Mr. McMahon does a fairly persistent job of rushing to the bulwarks in defense of his particular dogma, Christian Democracy.

I HAVE never been able to appreciate that Christian Democracy is a dogma alongside of the Holy Trinity and if anyone ventures to suggest that perhaps certain portions of the globe, under certain conditions, are not

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entirely prepared now for the full workings of democracy, he is a crass heretic and fit only for expulsion into the outer darkness. Mr. McMahon is among those who are periodically "shocked" at anyone who suggests that in Spain, after the experience of history and national temperament, it is possible that the full flowering of Christian Democracy may have to be postponed for a time until some of the wounds heal.

In the next place my pamphlet is not a defense of the Franco regime or, as Mr. McMahon expresses it, "an attempt to justify the acts of a dictator."

The reasoning in this case is that if there is a dictator, *anything,* and I mean *anything,* he does, must by the very fact that it is a dictatorship, be bad. In other words, Franco is a dictator; therefore every act he commits, in whatever area, must by definition be bad. This, I submit, is extraordinary reasoning. My brochure is limited to one single specific problem and nothing else. I could draw up a criticism of the Franco regime on other matters, such as the economic controls, the so-called labor unions and the like that would be highly critical. But I do not go along with the notion that because one dislikes Franco, everything in Spain must by the nature of things be condemned.

I do not claim that 99 percent of Spain is Catholic. On page 15 of the brochure I speak of certain communities where ninety-eight percent of the population is Catholic. I had in mind Pamplona where there was an attempt to organize something in the way of a Protestant demonstration on one occasion. I cited this case merely to indicate that there are reasons of prudence often involved in these matters. Catholics in Raleigh, North Carolina, as far as I know, do not perform publicly exactly as they do in South Boston or in Worcester.

MR. McMAHON goes to some pains to tell us that there are millions of non-practicing Catholics in the peninsula. . . . My contention is not that all Spaniards are excellent, practicing Catholics. What I do say is that the overwhelming majority give allegiance—honest or nominal—to the Church and that Catholicism colors and determines the national atmosphere to a very high degree, aside from anything governmental. The distinguished British Hispanist, E. Allison Peers, an Anglican, is led to state that "the first in the order of conclusions about the Catholic Church in Spain is that it is the Church of the Spanish people." A little later in his book, *Spain, the Church and the Orders,* Professor Peers remarks that "the life of the community—especially in the village and small towns—centers in the Church and the Church's year to a degree that few would credit."

When I speak of Spain as Catholic I mean something like the analysis made by Hilaire Belloc when he wrote "a nation or a whole civilization is of the Catholic culture not when it is entirely composed of strong believers minutely practicing their religion, nor even when it boasts a majority of such, but when it presents a *determining number of units* [Mr. Belloc's italics] family institutions, individuals, inspired by and tenacious of the Catholic spirit." (*The Crisis of Civilization, p.* 226)

Spain has known no other determining religious influence in its history. In the great stresses and strains of its history, the common adherence to the Faith has meant a great deal toward strengthening a unity often menaced by factors and factions that pulled toward separatism. Frankly, I prefer on this point the moving words of the Holy Father in his reply of December 12, 1949, to the Spanish Ambassador in which His Holiness stated: "It has been remarked that that country [Spain] owes the essential link of its nationhood, the inspiration of its great artists, the work of its thinkers, the achievement of its mystics and a great deal of that energy which made it possible to break through its shell and carry the Faith and promise of salvation to the New World, to the common and unconditional adherence to Christ and His Church." A scholar of the great stature of Ramón Menéndez Pidal, who knows more of things Spanish than Mr. McMahon and I suspect exist, points out in the brilliant introduction to his *Historia de España* how the retention of the common Faith even at the expense of the expulsion of the dissidents was the salvation of the Spanish nation as an entity.

WHAT specifically has been done to make life intolerable for the Protestants? It must be remembered that almost every outbreak against them, of the few that have taken place, was directed against the Franco government for its alleged leniency in *not* doing something about the Protestants. It was not the regime itself that was promoting any isolated violence against this tiny minority, but popular feeling irritated at the reluctance of the State to take action. Remember too that a good portion of the difficulty has come from certain aggressive sects such as the Adventists and Jehovah's Witnesses, who have nothing in common with Anglicans, Lutherans and others who have been in Spain unmolested for decades.

There is a strange insistence on dealing with Spain in a vacuum, as though history meant nothing. A people with this spiritual heritage and religious customs—if not always practices—with no knowledge of Protestantism, are prone to react with a certain violence when aggressive anti-Catholicism and denunciation accompany the introduction of evangelical missionaries. I cited the cases of Sweden and Switzerland in certain anti-Catholic measures, not with the purpose of proposing that mass meetings be held at once to protest but to show that there are numerous situations in the modern world of historical hold-overs that are perfectly explainable against an historical background. To scream that this is anti-democracy and ought to be abolished is all very well. The sentiments and emotions of people who have come up through a particular historical process cannot be expected to conform to the rigid Christian Democratic standards of Mr. McMahon on all occasions.

Of course there are countless people who have drifted from the Church. Of course the working population in many cities has become estranged from the Faith. "The

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workers and toilers of Spain are anti-Franco," says Mr. McMahon. "Franco enjoys no following among the masses," he continues. Professional armies fought the "people" and these "humble millions" constitute a backbone of resistance. These sweeping assertions that no one supports Franco or that all support him simply cannot be determined with any degree of accuracy. It might be recalled that there were thousands of valiant Basques from Navarre and Alava who rose as a man to fight the Republic—they were not professional soldiers but the "masses"—and they were as Basque as those in Bilbao who put separatism ahead of everything else.

I admit that the proper understanding of Spain is a task of appalling magnitude. There are subtleties and pitfalls, difficulties and quirks that make facile generalization all but impossible. I believe we need far more shading in our appraisals, less insistence on ready made imported formulae for the solution of the problem. It is easy to say that all will be well if Christian Democracy, parliamentary rule or some other arrangement will do the trick. After a vicious civil war, there is no ready made solution that can be proposed. The emotions of that war still persist as we might well remember was the case in our own country after 1865—and they persist to this day in the United States after all these generations. It is by no means certain that collaboration of Church and State is necessarily a bad thing as our advocates of separation seem to think. There is nothing else in all Spanish history except collaboration of Church and State or bitter emnity between the two. The solution that fits Illinois does not necessarily work in Valencia.

RICHARD PATTEE.

POSSIBLY it would be useful in reviewing this controversy to leave out the concept of Christian Democracy altogether. For it is not necessary to be a Christian Democrat to feel anxiety over what happens to religious values when Church and State are as closely identified as they are today in Franco Spain.

There is also something abhorrent about the forcing of consciences, whatever one's political sentiments may be. And this is true whether the people under duress are numbered in the millions or only a few thousand, as the Protestants now under certain religious disabilities in Spain.

As Francis McMahon stated in his original article, there is some point to examining the state of religious practice in a country before calling it a Catholic country, regardless of its cultural and institutional heritage. Nothing is to be lost, either, from an exhaustive study of the situation in Spain, giving prominence to all that is unique. But extenuating circumstances do not invalidate general principles. What takes place when Catholic authorities are unopposed in one country can too easily be taken everywhere to represent the basic teachings of the Church.

THE EDITORS.

The Screen

MESSAGE FROM GARCIA

THERE is something essentially simple, I should think, about what the American moviegoer is after. He wants to be carried outside himself. If on his way home from his local theater he finds that for a couple of hours he has been miles away from his own personal anxieties, from the hum and drum and exasperations of his daily round, he will feel that he has had his sixty-five cents worth.

To get a man away from himself calls for a sort of minor magic. Hollywood believes that "glamor" does it. The American movie normally supplies an amalgam of big-name stars, fast action and high living, musical crescendo and some manifestations of love. Television may account for a lot of stay-at-homes, but I suspect that today's shrinkage in movie audiences can also be traced to the fact that this formula has long been wearing thin.

What makes things even more desperate is that the stars themselves have been around so long. It is not that they are ageing, visibly. I would not be so heartless as to say that. But many of them are typed and every contortion of theirs is by now sickeningly familiar. And that goes for a lot of the bit players, too. So that Hollywood has not been coming up with much genuine entertainment of late—as I see it.

As the same old hands go through familiar paces, it is hard to believe that there are any real tensions involved. No one is really intent on anything; and the loves of the silver screen, and of its leading lights, are pretty well played out. The American screen creates live interest in real people only once in a blue moon.

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THAT is why movies of social significance provide a welcome contrast. If they deal intelligently with anything as real as discrimination against the Negro, as for instance in "Home of the Brave," everything else falls into line. There are genuine tensions, real people to laugh and suffer with, a magical illusion which sweeps all before it. Such is also the case with *"The Lawless."*

Here is a film about anti-Mexican sentiments and latent group hostilities in a small California town. Willingness to believe that all these local Mexican-Americans are "fruit tramps," "cholos" and generally no-goods is the villain.

All this is focused in the tribulations of Paul Rodriguez, a starry-eyed young fruit picker who lives with his highly conscientious Mexican parents on the other side

Philip Hartung is taking his vacation this summer in instalments, the first one this week. When Mr. Hartung is away the editors will substitute their own informal and innocent comments on the movies.

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of the tracks. As a climax in a series of mishaps leading up to a free-for-all, he punches a cop in the eye, in his terror steals a car, and becomes a fugitive from justice. As the tale unfolds, the legend about him in press and radio grows out of all proportion, and with it the frenzy of certain vigilante-minded townspeople. That embodies the message.

It is all very real, very plausible, except for a few creaky sequences. A charge of attempted rape is too obviously manufactured out of whole cloth. There is a chase in which scores of citizens exhibit a degree of fitness that would arouse the envy of many a college cross-country coach. Finally there are a few news-stories and telecasts that go beyond the fabrications of the shabbiest American tabloid. I suppose that exaggeration must have a place in the dramatic art.

The real battle takes place in the consciousness of the editor of the local paper, a once famous anti-fascist correspondent who has come to town determined to realize the proverbial newspaperman's dream of running his own quiet little country newspaper. The big question is whether his growing devotion for Sunny Garcia will fire him to the pitch of taking up the fight for her people.

Here, I might add, is an interesting little secondary theme. Larry Wilder manages to convey the impression that even if he were to venture no more daring editorial opinion than support of Mother's Day, even then the life of a small-town publisher is anything but a leisurely picnic—yes, even if he prudently ignores what is exploding all around him. For puncturing that balloon the film deserves a little extra credit, while Larry's crucial front-page editorial, as he dictates it to a weasel-like reporter, is a model for short words, short sentences and a cumulative punch.

Macdonald Carey, who plays the part of Larry, is a comparative newcomer, I understand. He has just sufficient beefiness about him, with a tired-enough look around the eyes, to make his casting good. As Sunny Garcia, the girl who herself runs a Spanish-language weekly newspaper, fragile Gail Russell has a look which is reminiscent of the early Janet Gaynor. Lalo Rios, the young Mexican who plays the part of the terrified fugitive, does a bang-up job in his first movie role. These three, and several minor characters, on occasion supply certain fleeting touches which are the hallmark of the better European movies.

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FOR all its effectiveness "The Lawless" is a comparaly inexpensive production. The town of Marysville, Calif., itself provides the setting, with local citizens comprising most of the extras. The supporting cast is virtually unknown. The props are few and not at all costly. With such a good end product, Paramount, and other major distributors, will undoubtedly parallel this effort. For real problems and artistically real people provide a starting point for genuine entertainment. Director-producer imagination of a similar caliber can bring the ship in from there.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

Of Note

Catholic Disabilities in Sweden

THE German Catholic paper *Katholischer Beobachter* of Cologne recently carried an article by Joseph Peters, "Catholicism in Sweden." Peters tells of a changing attitude toward Catholicism in Sweden, due to the presence of Catholic refugees, the circulation of Catholic books, and films like "Song of Bernadette," "Boys' Town" and "Joan of Arc," and the influence of the continental radio. Anti-Catholic prejudices, he says, are disappearing in the large cities. But contemporary Catholic life in Sweden must be evaluated against the cultural backdrop of a restrictive and narrow State Protestantism.

> Freedom for the Roman Catholic Church in Sweden, relative as it is, is only seventy-five years old. Citizens of the country are now permitted by law to adhere to a religious Confession other than that of the Lutheran State Church. *Only* Lutherans, however, may be elected to Parliament, enter the diplomatic service, or teach in the public schools. Religious parishes other than those of the State Church may build or otherwise exercise the rights of corporative ownership *only* with governmental permission. After confirmation (usually following the fifteenth year) a Swedish youth may change his religious adherence *only* after the twenty-first year. In the event that he desires to make such a change he may do so according to the law *only* after he has twice visited his Protestant pastor at intervals of two months, and there made known his intentions of changing.
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> All engaged couples in Sweden, Catholics included, must publish the banns of their forthcoming marriage through the Protestant pastor. Catholic baptism, marriage, burial, and even change of residence must likewise be registered with the Protestant pastor, who is the official local registrar throughout Sweden. Since 1910, the Catholic Church has been prohibited from conducting its own register. Consequently it is impossible for the Church itself to know the exact number of Catholics in Sweden. Every attempt to end this situation has been bluntly rebuffed.
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> Catholics in Sweden numbered 2,000 in 1785, practically all of whom were foreigners—particularly Germans who had immigrated to Sweden with the advent of the textile industry. In 1910, Catholics in Sweden numbered 3,070 out of 5½ million. Most of these too were foreigners or their descendants. Today, Catholics in Sweden number about 18,000, of whom 12,000 are refugees.
>
> The limited degree to which the Catholic Church in Sweden has become an integral part of the social structure of the country is indicated by the fact that

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of the 43 priests now laboring in Sweden, only five are Swedes, the others being foreigners. These 43 priests are simply inadequate to serve the Catholics who are distributed over the vast area of the country, often 300 kilometers from the nearest Catholic center, and who are continually in danger of slipping into religious indifference since there is no abiding contact with the Church. But last year there were 53 conversions in Sweden, a fact which is interesting for several reasons. It points to the possibility of a Catholic renascence in Sweden, and at the same time shows how much the Catholic Church in Sweden is dependent upon the outside. If the support of Catholics outside of Sweden cannot be depended upon, however, then there is a great danger that Swedish Catholics will continue to remain in their pitiful isolation and destitution for centuries to come.

The Literary Profession

THE MONTH for June (114 Mount Street, London, W.I.) includes a comment by François Mauriac on the published correspondence between Paul Claudel and André Gide. Speaking of the concern that people have about the religious convictions of famous writers, Mauriac says:

> This spiritual struggle round a soul which appeared to us more precious than any, has led Catholic writers secretly to believe that a great writer is more valuable in the eyes of the Infinite Being than a humble Christian in the street. Our mistake was to carry over to the plane of Eternity the prestige which a fine writer enjoys among men. The Church's complete disdain for novels and other trifles by writers ought, however, to prepare us for the slightly humiliating mercy which will perhaps be accorded literary folk on the day when accounts are finally settled. On that day, I sometimes imagine that there will be no question of our books being brought as testimony for or against us, they will not even exist in the mind of God, Who knows the secrets of our hearts from the inside, and so has no need of those false pieces of evidence about ourselves, of those touched up portraits in which we pose—in short, of our books.
>
> Perhaps Claudel—the author of this crushing, concise line: "man of letters, assassin and prostitute"—perhaps he understands that all the priests and all the faithful who pray and suffer in secret for the salvation of a great writer, and who would not do the same for a chestnut vendor at the street-corner, think far too highly of literary people. We are in truth brothers of the actor and, even more, of the prostitute, for we lose our own personality, put on other people's, give ourselves to the first comer, expose our hearts as others do their bodies, and sell ourselves.

Haecker's Dark Journey

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

"Love is the fulfilment of the Law, not its destroyer. It is hierarchical, not anarchical. And because it is the fulfilment, its real violation is the real sin. A man will be measured by his love."

JUST before the second World War, at the age of fifty, Theodor Haecker wrote: "In a couple of hours I shall be back in Germany, and cannot tell what may happen. At any rate, once there I shall not be able to write the truth." For, in spite of the fact that he was in his own country a *Staatsfeind* (an enemy of the State), by an oversight he had been given permission to lecture in St. Gallen in Switzerland. However, unlike so many others before him who had found themselves thus catalogued in the dossiers of the Gestapo, he did not take this opportunity to escape, to seek refuge in some foreign land. On the contrary, he decided to return to Munich.

The decision was right for Haecker, just as the decisions of the many thousands of Germans who had decided to quit their fatherland were also right for them. One cannot say that those who chose to be exiles were wiser than those who decided to stay, because, as in all human actions, what mattered was that a choice should be made; and in making this choice of their own free will each group prescribed its own duty. Unconsciously, as it were, they were playing their appointed parts in the Divine Plan. It is as well to remember this when reading Haecker's last and finest book, *Journal in the Night* (*Pantheon Books* $3.) for had he not returned to Germany in 1939, that journal would never have been written. But it was otherwise: because he returned to Germany, his journal became inevitable. Alone at night, during the war years, it became his means of communication with his Creator: it was the fulfilment of his vocation as a writer and his way to salvation as a man.

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THE journal covers Germany's darkest years—1939 to 1945—and its title is indicative of its content. The meditations it contains are somber, but not gloomy; and one purposely uses the word "meditations." For in the strict sense of the term Haecker was not a philosopher; he was an interpreter and a commentator. His early writings were principally interpretations of the works of Virgil, Newman and Kierkegaard (both the latter two authors he translated into German) and commentaries upon such subjects as satire and polemic, culture and Christianity. Indeed, from these writings it

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would be difficult to systematize his philosophy: in fact he would have been horrified by any such attempt, and the reasons for such horror can be found in one of his entries in his journal for 1940.

> Once philosophers have written their principal work, they not infrequently simply become their own disciples. The outstanding example is Schopenhauer. After having composed his system at a very early age, he became his own most admiring pupil. He "deduced" certain further truths from his own philosophy, which he had conceived and written in an entirely different state of mind, and when the character of his intuition was entirely different. Even the later Plato is not really Plato any longer; he is only a Platonist, his own great follower no doubt, but no longer the master himself.

There lies the rub. Haecker was essentially an intuitive thinker: that is to say he used his mind as a store-house accumulating countless ideas and thoughts by other writers which in turn he himself developed. Some of these ideas and thoughts he worked out to the full—notably in the case of Kierkegaard—but in some cases, especially in his journal, he has only left hints of the inter-relatedness which he saw between authors of different periods. Yet, where this critical process is successfully carried through to its end, the conclusions which Haecker draws from these other authors are so obvious that one has the impression that had these authors lived they would have come to the same conclusions themselves.

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ONE sees in this process the patient interpreter and commentator linked with the intuitive thinker: in fact, in the best sense of the term, there is something distinctly "poetic" about Haecker's work. For example: "There is the dew of tears on all beauty in this aeon"—that is a line which one might well find in a poet's notebook; or, in another entry, one finds the same idea stated—only this time stated as a novelist might state it: "I saw in secret a man flowing with the tears of thought and repentance, and inwardly he shone like a young tree with all the blossom of May upon it." In both cases these are observations—the kind of raw material which a poet or novelist keeps for the right occasion. However, in another place in his journal one still finds Haecker's preoccupation with tears, but this time the poet and novelist are joined by the thinker: their vision becomes clothed in symbolic thought.

> *Loneliness. An image.* . . .In the night he dreamed. An angel called the name of all those remembered by one single soul with love. That lasted an infinite time. At first it left him indifferent, it disturbed him, he yawned, he laughed contemptuously. Then he grew restless, and he began to wait for the sound of his name. He grew unspeakably sad, and he wept. That lasted an infinite time. His name was not called and the voice became silent. The sudden silence was like a clap of thunder, and woke him. He found his pillow wet, but his eyes were hot and dry and burning as though his tears had dried up forever.

All the time Haecker's mind was developing, and by the time that he came to write his journal (as the last extract shows) he was prepared to note down his dreams in an attempt to beat some meaning out of them. As a result of the diversity of his interests, he was able to avoid the pitfall of becoming his own disciple.

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AT FIRST it is a little odd the way in which one continuously comes across these references to dreams, for they are a recurring factor in his last book. Yet perhaps a clue may be found if one recalls the conditions under which he was writing. Before 1939 he had been a marked man and in 1940 he had been arrested and subsequently released. Then again in 1943, after the Students' Revolt, his house had been searched. Remembering these outward factors, we are not surprised to discover that his writing became more and more inbred, although it should be added that, unlike so much French Resistance literature, it never became introspective in a Freudian sense.

On the contrary, what personal experiences he underwent in either dreams or life he related to the events going on around him. "I have the feeling and belief that I am in God's hands," he had written early in 1939, and once September had dawned and communications, such as they were, had been cut with the outside world, his writing became a dialogue—a dialogue between God and himself. As a child will lay his dreams before Heaven, so Haecker lay his dreams before God. (At the time that he was writing he had no idea that his journal would be edited and published). Thus it was in this most intimate of all his books that the dreamer and thinker met; and together, in entry after entry, they attempted to thrash out the spiritual problems of the hour; the relationship between the German conception of the *Herrgott-religion* and Christianity, the question of patriotism and conscience.

Both these problems Haecker faced early in his journal. There is his memorable pronouncement on Whitsunday, 1940: "It is better for a people to be defeated and to suffer, than to win and apostatize;" and there is his yet earlier comment on the Trinity "as a 'sign' for today":

> When he prays to Christ, it is the privilege of the Christian to be able to pray to the true God by name. That is the 'sign' for today. When anyone nowadays says God, he may of course simply mean destiny, or some awful caricature of 'providence.' But if a man prays to Christ, then he necessarily prays to the Father, who is God, like Christ, and to the Holy Spirit who is God, like the Father and the Son. He cannot do otherwise. Nothing, nowadays, so defines and separates men according to the spirit, as the Trinity.

Then, as now, that is the crux of the matter. National Socialism, like Communism, is a creed of Pure Imma-

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nentism: outside its own jurisdiction, it will brook no interference. In its own right it is its own god. On the other hand Catholicism, because it is catholic, speaks to a nation in the name of a transcendent God whose law is eternal (*lex aeterna*), whose Church is universal (*Ecclesia Gentium*), and whose law and Church are a natural structural part of the universe. Claims such as these can only be rebutted by the repudiation of the transcendent in religion. This is precisely what National Socialism attempted to do during the 'thirties and early 'forties and this has been the aim of Communism since its inception.

All this Haecker understood clearly and had pondered over for some years. However, the outbreak of war intensified his meditations, giving them an added immediacy and driving him as a writer to work out in specific terms what for so long had been burning questions in his mind. This was the duty which, unknowingly, he had prescribed for himself when he had returned from St. Gallen to Munich in 1939. It was his contribution to the Divine Plan. For thus forced in upon himself, he was at the same time compelled to witness his own people plunge to their destruction, drunk with the songs of nationalism. Those songs he heard with tears, but they were the tears of sorrow rather than anger. His vocation was not to stand aloof and wait for the final catastrophe; his vocation (as it becomes apparent today when one realizes how widely his journal has been read) was to hand on the torch of faith to the younger generation. Among the German youth, Haecker never believed that the Christian faith was extinct and in his diagnosis of the *Herrgott-religion* he put his finger on the great weakness of religion in Germany during the nineteenth century.

★

THE nineteenth century had seen the flowering of pantheism in France and Germany. In the twentieth century one could still find it flourishing in Germany, although in France it had died. The Nazis were quick to realize this and engrafted such pantheism as still existed in Germany onto their own creed of National Socialism. For them the god of nature became a German god, because nature reached its peak in the German superman: Hitler became equated with God. This exploitation of religion, or rather of a certain religious strain in a people, was not a Nazi innovation. One remembers Haecker's comment on the matter: "There must always have been Nazis, or how would it be possible for the Bible to be so full of warnings against them."

The past must always be accepted and if it is not accepted and a myth is superimposed upon it, then historical continuity is broken. So it was that Haecker did not pour scorn upon the myths which Rosenberg and other official Nazi historians manufactured, but treated them in a deadly serious manner. He hated Nazism, but not Nazis, and his reading of history assured him that material successes were short-lived. His *Journal in the Night* became a journey down a long tunnel; but it was a journey not of despair but of love, because at the end of that tunnel there would be light—"that light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." After the darkest hour, there would be the dawn and resurrection. To that truth, Haecker's last journal is a living testament of faith.

Books

Assignment to Austerity. Herbert and Nancie Matthews. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

HERBERT MATTHEWS is, certainly, one of the ablest newspaper correspondents living, and his share of this joint book is as passionately interesting as it is scrupulously fair. Devotedly anglophile as he is, with an English wife, it was to be expected that his account of life in England during the first five years of the Labor Government would be the best that has yet appeared. What perhaps was less to be expected was Mrs. Matthews' talent. She is not only a born writer, witty, incisive, warm; she also is most admirably feminine, answering all the personal, intimate questions that Mr. Matthews leaves one shyly holding behind one's back, afraid to intrude: questions about the quality of English milk, the extent to which Socialism has affected the British class system, about the emotions hidden beneath and behind BBC accent or Cockney joke. For example, in describing the family's one and only summer holiday in the Lakes, she hits off the charwoman's child in a few compassionate sentences: "Barbara was a typical child of the poor in Britain . . . of all my household at Ullswater the most cheerful and the best mannered was this nine-year-old half-Cockney, half-Welsh Barbara. As often happens in England, she did not 'mix' with my children. Had the same setup occurred in the United States, the children would all have played happily enough together regardless of class distinctions, but here, although Priscilla was nearly the same age, neither child intruded on the other's interests or had the least desire to do so. Their very language was different. Eric, who was some years older, carried on his never-ceasing entomological studies . . . now this was something worthwhile and interesting to Barbara, and she would glide quietly into his room, and hang about respectfully in the background without making a sound."

Mrs. Matthews also learned about modern young Englishmen from the tutor . . . "cold, calm and self-possessed, he seemed not to have the slightest doubts about the future of Britain. Having a wholehearted *joie de vivre* in the day-to-day life that Ullswater offered, which for him consisted every afternoon of strenuous mountain-climbing or bicycle trips—why should he be sad? These nerveless young Britishers with their healthy bodies and love of fresh air and sports . . . leave a vivid memory which official statistics cannot cloud."

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Mr. Matthews does perhaps his best job on Mr. Attlee. He makes that rather nebulous character come into focus, and alive: "a gold mine from which no nuggets are to be extracted," with his amiable manner and his refusal to spare others. Mr. Matthews' account of the transformation of the empire, and of the welfare state, are laconic, informed, and so British that Denis Brogan himself might have written them—or even Geoffrey Gorer. Mrs. Matthews' study of education, and her sensitive appreciation of what can, and what cannot, be done, is perhaps the best chapter in the whole book. One realizes, as never before, how, spiritually, India and England are closer than any other Western and Eastern nation. The totems and tabus are astonishingly similar; the caste-system and the language barriers. Englishman and Indian are emotionally, sexually and even pyschologically aeons apart, but in their social structure, they have much in common. The Matthews book explains, clearly, how truly in sympathy with India such men as Macaulay and Lord William Bentinck, Sir Alfred Lyall and Lord Louis Mountbatten were.

The sober summing up is generous, friendly. Mr. Matthews speaks of "that wonderful sense of humor" —one quarter cynical and three-quarters kindly—"that incurable optimism, that robust zest for life, that assurance, complacency and self-righteousness, that stoicism in the face of hardship and danger" yet he sees the dangers of "chewing the cud," of drift, of failing to recognize "that the rise of Fascism and Nazism was not a reaction against the Socialist trends of the preceding period, but a necessary outcome of those tendencies," as Professor Hayek has put it. Mr. Matthew considers that "we have probably said goodbye and good riddance to the concept of Western Europe as a Third Force between the Soviet Union and the United States. The idea has been embalmed in the brilliant if starry-eyed book that Barbara Ward wrote in 1948, *The West at Bay*. And his conclusion on the whole, is that of radio's Fred Allen: "there'll always be an England, while there's still an America."

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Public Opinion in Soviet Russia. A study in mass persuasion. Alexis Inkeles. Harvard. $5.

THIS is a highly technical book, and still is very much worth reading. It gives insight into one of the most repellent peculiarities of the Soviet order, the ideological monopoly established in its own favor by the ruling party. There is oral propaganda and agitation—but it is carried out only by party appointees. There is a many-branched press—but that only appears in it which has been selected by party committees. There are radio networks and film studios, but only that is broadcast or shown which has been chosen by the makers of public opinion. All this is well known, but the author shows in detail how this ignominious manipulation of public opinion is performed.

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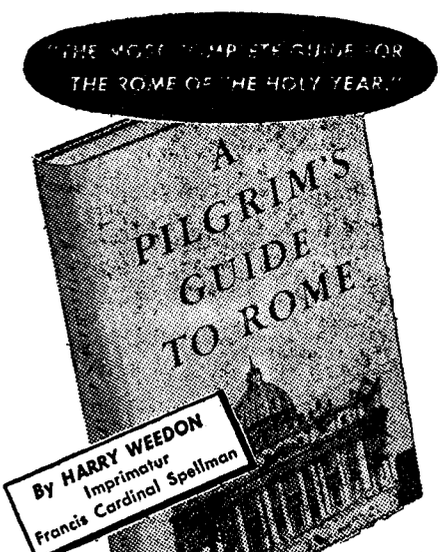
Two traits are of particular interest, one favorable, another unfavorable to the United States in its opposition to the Soviet Union. In regard to radio receivers, the Soviet Union is a very poor country; there are only 13 receivers for 1,000 people, about ten times less than in the United States, and half of the receivers are public. This significantly decreases the hopes nurtured with respect to the Voice of America.

On the other hand, the effect of the Soviet system of mass persuasion is by no means so successful as expected by its originators. Agitators often desert their posts, being unable to overcome the difference between party directions and the aspirations of the masses. Discussion circles are not allowed lest more than "one truth," the official truth proclaimed by Stalin, should show up. The press must devote some space to "self-criticism," in reality, criticism of minor officials, to divert the wrath of the people to scapegoats and away from the government. And the very necessity to have an apparatus of a mass persuasion employing three million men, thirty years after taking power, shows that the ideas of the government are not shared by the people. This doesn't mean that the people are ready to revolt. The apparatus of coercion is strong enough to prevent that. But the antagonism of the people toward the Communist government and its ideology might coalesce into a mighty social movement whenever the opportunity presents itself.

N. S. TIMASHEFF.



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John Adams and the American Revolution. Catherine Drinker Bowen. Little Brown. $5.

The Muhlenbergs of Pennsylvania. Paul A. W. Wallace. University of Pennsylvania. $4.

JOHN ADAMS was a remarkable man. He could be conceited; he could write of his own inaugural address that "all agree . . . it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America." He could be bigoted; he could approve of the notorious alien and sedition acts which disgraced his stay in the White House. But if he was too petulant to pass for a statesman, and too self-centered to be a perfect politician, he was none the less, despite his priggishness, an inspired patriot, and the American Revolution would have been almost unthinkable without his tireless devotion to the cause of independence. As a political thinker, he was vastly inferior to Jefferson, Hamilton, and many others of the founding fathers, yet his pessimism, born of the Calvinism in which New England was steeped, was sufficiently irritating at times to force his intellectual superiors to frame their arguments with greater precision than might otherwise have been found expedient.

It was John Adams who remarked that "the first want of man is his dinner, and the second his girl." And it was John Adams who warned any and all extremists: "Remember, democracy never lasts long. It soon wastes, exhausts, murders itself. There never was a democracy yet that did not commit suicide." All this would seem to indicate that Adams was not absolutely certain that the millenium was within reach, but Catherine Drinker Bowen would have us believe that Adams, and Jefferson, too, were a pair of incorrigible optimists. "It was not their great fame, their long lives, or even the record of their work that makes them seem indestructible," she pleads. "It was their faith, their boundless, unquenchable hope in the future. . . ."

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that the Adams of Mrs. Bowen's fancy bears little resemblance to the Adams who earned his place in American history. And perhaps there is no need to say that the New England created by Mrs. Bowen is at once coy and unconvincing. Maybe she didn't have time to read through the many books, a great number of which have little or nothing to do with her subject, which she lists in her bibliography; if she had glanced at what she claims to have examined, she could scarcely have made the statement that the settlers of New England, from the very earliest times, believed in the natural rights which became so popular a doctrine in the revolutionary era. And if she had ever looked at a picture book of the grandeurs of Oxford and Cambridge, she could hardly have declared that the humble halls of Harvard in the eighteenth century were patterned after those of Oxford and Cambridge.

But Mrs. Bowen is not only superficial, she is tedious. We might forgive her interminable imaginary conversations, her endless imaginary incidents, if only she were entertaining. We have no desire to trouble the reader with a long extract of Mrs. Bowen's prose; the quality

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of her imagination is all too evident in the last two paragraphs of her biography.

> *A hand fell on John's shoulder. He looked up. "Cousin John," Sam Adams said cheerfully, "You are in a very brown study. I said your name three times . . . Is it well with you tonight?"*
>
> *John smiled, filled suddenly with happiness, gratitude, a flood of deep feeling he could not have defined. With a wide, sweeping gesture of hospitality, he pulled out a chair. "It is very well with me tonight, Cousin," he said.*

IF THE reader can only rejoice that Mrs. Bowen saw fit to bring her 600-page narrative to an end with the Declaration of Independence, he can only regret that Paul A. W. Wallace, author of the *Muhlenbergs of Pennsylvania,* failed to include in his illuminating account of the family the Muhlenbergs of the nineteenth as well as the eighteenth century. A chapter on William Augustus Muhlenberg, the vigorous rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion in New York City, would have been most welcome, for William Augustus, like his forebears, was seldom satisfied with the status quo. Best remembered today as the founder of St. Luke's Hospital, he broadened the limits of his parish by insisting that all pews in his church be free.

But we must be grateful to Professor Wallace for telling us so much about the earlier Muhlenbergs. The founder of the family in America was Henry Melchior, the earnest but endearing patriarch of the Lutheran Church who snorted with indignation when two members of his household consented to receive honorary degrees from the University of Pennsylvania. "All flesh is grass," he noted in his diary, recalling that no one in the Gospels was burdened with a degree.

Henry Melchior's three sons were, as one might imagine, trained for the ministry, but all three, doubtless to their father's disappointment, eventually discovered the proper sphere for their talents was outside the church. Peter, who quit the pulpit to turn soldier in the Revolution, was, we gather from Professor Wallace, one of the indispensable officers in our army. Frederick, who could not keep out of politics, was the first Speaker of our House of Representatives, and so independent a Republican that he voted for the Jay Treaty in 1794, to the horror of all the radicals in the party. Henry Ernest, who was fonder of botanizing than preaching, was ultimately elected the first principal of Franklin College in Lancaster, out of which grew the Franklin & Marshall of today.

Professor Wallace, who may be described as a born story-teller, is never at a loss for an anecdote, and his chronicle of the Muhlenbergs is as sprightly as Mrs. Bowen's John Adams is pretentious. What's more, Professor Wallace has not had to fake a single incident or retail a single imaginary conversation, so thoroughly has he mastered his subject.

WAYNE ANDREWS.

Incredible Tale. Gerald W. Johnson. Harper. $3.50.

HERE is informal history at its best. It is, in essence, the political and social story of this country in the past half century—America in its relation to the world and, even more specifically, to itself. Before this period America was fundamentally isolationist. The average man knew little about Europe, and cared less. But two world wars, in which he took part, taught him something, indeed so radically changed him as to make a different man of him, and, in the final analysis, Mr. Johnson tells us, it is he, this changed man with his wider outlook on the world, who will play the leading role in the settlement of world problems of the future.

Four giants of history have played a part in his education. They are Wilson, Roosevelt, Lenin and Stalin. Mr. Johnson does not add Hitler's name to the list, because obviously Hitler was "one of the grisliest jokes the sardonic gods ever perpetrated upon mankind."

It was Wilson who gave the first impetus to the education of the average man, to the political maturity of him who asked nothing better of life than to be left alone to pursue the even tenor of his accustomed ways. Thanks to Harding and Coolidge he more or less relapsed into his old isolationist thinking. To add to the confusion, there was Lenin, whom the author calls a bookish product acting on the ideas of the very bookish Karl Marx, and whose knowledge of the development

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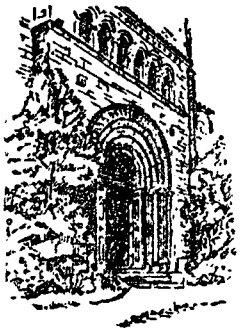

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of democracy in the United States "was practically non-existent." Our own ignorance, however, of Lenin, says Mr. Johnson, was not a little instrumental in creating the situation of today.

Isolationism still existed right up to the moment of Pearl Harbor, in spite of Roosevelt's efforts to inform the public of the true state of world affairs. No American, Mr. Johnson asserts, can have witnessed the gigantic drama, with the whole world for stage, depicting the struggle between reason and emotion for dominion over the minds of men, and have remained the same kind of person he was before.

It is Mr. Johnson's skill in putting some order into the confused picture of today that makes his book valuable and refreshing. And if the author is right, the average American has something to live up to.

JOHN COURNOS.

Bavarian Story. Ethel Mannin. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.

THIS unpretentious love story embodies two elements which are striking. The first, and more successful, is its portrayal of the progressive corruption of various individuals and of a small community as the Nazis rose to power. The second is the love story itself. Would the ideal mate for a lovely girl of 26 be a widower twice her age, further enfeebled by ten years in Dachau? The local priests thought so, and Lucia's engagement with a charming GI of her own age bracket was broken off. Maybe such unions are more customary on the Continent; here in the land of enthroned youth a common faith and common devotion to the same good music would hardly be considered enough. Miss Mannin's local color is, however, uniformly good.

E.S.S.

• REVIEWERS •

N. S. TIMASHEFF is a professor of political science at Fordham. He is the author of *The Great Retreat, Three Worlds, The Law of Soviet Russia,* and other political works.

WAYNE ANDREWS is the author of *The Vanderbilt Legend* and *Battle for Chicago.*

JOHN COURNOS reviews regularly for the New York *Herald Tribune* and the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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